

A Fawcett Publication

Monte Hale

WESTERN

JULY

10¢

NO. 74



RIDE THE DANGER TRAIL WITH MONTE HALE IN

**RUSTLER'S
ROUNDUP!**

PLUS
GABBY
HAYES



APPROVED
READING

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W. A. Fawcett, Jr., President

MONTE HALE



THE CURSE OF TYPHOID VALLEY

Deep in the Sierra Nevada
coiled an evil region that
men called **TYPHOID VALLEY!**
Here fifty years before two
families had fallen prey to a
scourge-like epidemic! Since
that time, whenever strangers
ventured in, the dread plague
seized them! At last no
man dared enter
Typhoid Valley!

A sign was placed at
the entrance to the
valley. Then,
one day---

BANG!
WARNING!
STAY OUT OF
TYPHOID VALLEY
OR DIE!
BANG!

"MYSTER
SIGN, I
THINK IT
TUNE YOU
LIE DOWN!"

"THAT'S RIGHT,
LARGE! KICK
IT DOWN! WE'RE
GOING INTO
THE VALLEY!"

**At that
moment--**

**HOLD ON
THERE, NELSON!
YOU AND YOUR
PEOPLE MIGHT
GO INTO TYPHOID
VALLEY! IT'S
SURE DEATH!**





"When Monte returns..."

MONTE! I'M PLUMB GLAD TO SEE YOU! I CHECKED THE WATER SUPPLY AS YOU SUGGESTED! BOTH THE BROOK AND THE SPRINGS ARE CHOCK FULL OF TYPHOID GERMS!

GREAT DAY! JUST WHAT I'D FEARED!

TELL ME, DOC, COULD THE GERMS HAVE BEEN IN THE WATER IF TOLKS HADN'T BEEN LIVING IN THE VALLEY?

HOT IF NO ONE HAD BEEN LIVING THERE FOR FIFTY YEARS! THE GERMS WOULD HAVE HAD TO HAVE BEEN INTRODUCED FROM THE OUTSIDE!

I SEE! IS THERE ANY PLACE IN THE LOCALITY WHERE TYPHOID GERMS MIGHT BE OBTAINED?

ONLY AT FORT BAILEY --- THE POST HOSPITAL --- AND THAT'S TWENTY MILES AWAY!

Monte Hale is determined to get at the secret of Typhoid Valley! Hours later, he and Doc Biggs ride into Fort Bailey!

WHO'S THERE?

MONTE HALE AND DOC BIGGS! IS THIS THE POST HOSPITAL?

MONTE! GOOD TO SEE YOU AND THE DOC! WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

WE'RE TRYING TO FIND OUT IF ANYONE HAS HAD ACCESS TO YOUR TYPHOID CASES, CAPTAIN!

COULD ANYONE HAVE TAKEN TYPHOID GERMS FROM THE HOSPITAL?

NO ONE BUT THE ARMY SURGEONS AND AN OLD CIVILIAN ATTENDANT HE CALL CUELY!

CAN WE SEE THIS ATTENDANT?

OF COURSE! HAHN, THAT'S STRANGE! HE WAS HERE A MINUTE AGO! BUT HE MUST HAVE DISAPPEARED WHEN HE HEARD YOU COMING!

LISTEN! HOOBEEBEE! HE'S RIDING AWAY AT TO SPEED!

GUFFETY-CLOP!

LOOK! THERE HE GOES! HE'S HEADING TO WARD TYPHOID VALLEY ON A FRESH HORSE!

LET'S GET AFTER HIM, MONTE!





HEARING THE SOUND OF FIRING LARS NELSON AND THE OTHER SETTLERS RIDE UP FROM THE LOWER VALLEY.

MONTIE WE HEARD SHOTS! WHAT HAPPENED?

A LITTLE SURPRISE FOR US LARS! THESE GENTS HAVE BEEN LIVING UP HERE IN THE VALLEY FOR A LONG TIME!



AND EVIDENTLY THEY'VE BEEN DOING SOME MIGHTY SUCCESSFUL DIAMOND MINING! SUPPOSE ONE OF YOU HONORABLES TELL US WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT!



YOU'VE GOT US DEAD TO RIGHTS, HALF—SO WE MIGHT AS WELL SPILL THE BEANS!

WE'RE OSAGOODS AND LAWTONS. YEARS AGO WHEN THE REST OF OUR FAMILY DIED FROM TYPHOID, WE HAD THE DISEASE BUT SURVIVED! BUT THEN WE DISCOVERED A SICH VEIN OF PRECIOUS JEWELS IN THE VALLEY!



SO YOU DECIDED TO HIDE OUT IN THE VALLEY AND MINE THE DIAMONDS YOURSELVES?

RIGHT! AND TO PREVENT OTHERS FROM COMING IN, WE PLANTED TYPHOID GERMS IN THE WATER IN THE VALLEY! I GOT A JOB IN THE FORT BAILEY HOSPITAL AND BROUGHT IN THE GERMS!



GRADUALLY IT GREW INTO A LEGEND! EVERYBODY WAS AFRAID TO COME INTO THE VALLEY—UNTIL LARS NELSON AND HIS PEOPLE DROVE IN.

WE ALWAYS FIGURED WE'D QUIT AFTER A WHILE! BUT WE KEPT GETTING A BIGGER AND BIGGER STORE OF DIAMONDS AND WE NEVER COULD DECIDE TO STOP!



IT'S A MIGHTY SAD TALE WHEN FOLKS LET THE LOVE FOR WEALTH MAKE THEM DO WHAT YOU'VE DONE! BUT I RECKON THE LUGGE DOWN IN TOWN WILL HAVE TO DECIDE WHAT YOUR PUNISHMENT WILL BE!



WE GOT TO THE CHILDREN SOON ENOUGH TO CHECK THE DISEASE! ALL OF THEM WILL RECOVER!—AND FRONT!

UNTIL THE WATER IS PURIFIED, WE'LL CARRY ALL OF OUR DRINKING WATER IN! MONTIE, WE OWE PLenty TO YOU! YOU'VE MADE TYPHOID VALLEY A SAFE PLACE FOR US TO LIVE!

Turns Terrific Clout into Out!

ANOTHER JIM WISE "P-F" ADVENTURE STORY

JUST LOOK AT SANDY NOT EVEN CLOSE TO THAT FLY

WE'LL NEVER WIN TOMORROW'S GAME WITH THAT KIND OF BASEBALL

DEEPS!

PRACTICING FOR THE BIG GAME...

SORRY JIM, I JUST DON'T HAVE ANY SPEED LEFT

BETTER WEAR YOUR "P-F'S" TOMORROW, YOU'LL NEED ALL YOUR SPEED EVERY INNING TO HELP US WIN

JIM WISE TELLS WHY "P-F" CANVAS SHOES HELP YOU GO FULL SPEED LONGER!

1. THE IMPORTANT "P-F" RUBBER WEDGE HELPS KEEP THE WEIGHT OF THE BODY ON THE OUTSIDE OF THE NORMAL FOOT...DECREASING FOOT AND LEG MUSCLE STRAIN, INCREASING ENDURANCE.

2. SPRINGS RUBBER CUSHION.

"P-F" MEANS POSTURE FOUNDATION

BOY OF THE BIG GAME! HE WISE LEADING 9-3 IN THE LAST HALF OF THE 9TH WITH 2 OUT AND RUNNERS ON SECOND AND THIRD...WHEN...

WHAT A WALLOP! LOOKS LIKE A SURE TRIPLE!

BUT LOOK AT THAT CENTER-FIELDER!

BUT IT! GOOD THING I WAS WEARING MY "P-F'S"

GREAT CATCH, SANDY. YOUR SPEED SAVED THE OLD BALL GAME!

AND "P-F'S" HELPED ME PLAY AT MY BEST RIGHT THROUGH THE GAME

TAKE A TIP FROM JIM WISE!

GET YOUR "P-F" CANVAS SHOES TODAY AND SEE FOR YOURSELF HOW THEY HELP:
...LESSEN FOOT AND LEG MUSCLE STRAIN
...INCREASE ENDURANCE
...YOU GO FULL SPEED LONGER



INSIST ON "P-F" CANVAS SHOES MADE ONLY BY B.F. Goodrich and Hood Rubber Company



A NEW MOON



QUICK ON THE DRAW

By Clement Good

AT THE AGE of twenty, Jack McCrea was tall, dark and rugged. He had an easy, good-humored smile and there was usually a twinkle in his gray eyes.

The two old-timers, Jeh and Luke, were busy at their usual occupation, whittling and chewing tobacco, when they saw the posse ride out. Jack grinned and waved at Jeh and Luke as he passed, and Jeh said, "Mark my words, Luke, that there young feller is going to be the next sheriff. He's as brave as a wildcat!"

Grimly, silently, swiftly, the possemen rode southwest toward the foothills. They were hot on the trail of the Ghost Rider and his henchmen. The "ghost" was so-called because after each foray he seemed to disappear into thin air. No living person had ever seen him!

Today the Wells Fargo office had been robbed, the guard shot. Quickly alerted, the sheriff and his men were able to pursue the three desperadoes before the trail got cold. The sun was setting as they rode into the mouth of Dead End Canyon.

"We've got 'em trapped," exclaimed one of the deputies. "They were plumb foolish to come in here."

"Take it easy!" cautioned Jack McCrea. "It looks too simple. Maybe we're the ones getting into a trap."

"Jack's right!" said the sheriff. "Rain up and take cover!"

He had barely given the order when a rifle barked, and the deputy who had said, "We've got 'em trapped," plummeted from his mount. Jack leaped to the ground and dragged the fallen man to cover behind jutting rocks, while the others scurried for hiding places. A hail of rifle bullets chipped the rocks all around the lawmen.

"The Ghost planned to ambush us, right enough," said the sheriff, "but now that he's slipped his mist, looks like we've got him bottled up."

"Only 'looks like,'" said Jack.

"What do you mean?" asked one of the men. "Only way they can ride out of Dead End Canyon is by going past us."

"True, this is the only way they can ride out," Jack agreed. "But it'll be dark in a little while. Then they can forget their horses and climb out the other end. We won't be able to see them, we won't know where they've headed. Once more, the Ghost will disappear into thin air. That's why I aim to belly around these rocks and see if I can't circle and surprise them."

"Now, wait, Jack!" urged the sheriff. "That's taking a mighty big chance. If anybody's to do that, it should be me."

Jack grinned. "Sheriff, we all know you'd never ask any man to take on a job you wouldn't handle yourself. But all I aim to do is sort of smoke them out a mite. You've got to be ready to grab them."

Jack crawled away from the group, keeping to the cover of the rocks as much as possible. He circled wide in the fading twilight. The sheriff and his men kept firing steadily to cover any noise Jack might make, but it wasn't really necessary for he was as quiet as a cat.

"Drop the guns!" Jack's voice burst on the outlaws like a whipcrack, but they didn't obey. The rifeman turned and Jack's Colt blasted the gun from his hands. A shot from the young deputy scared the wrist of a second outlaw and caused him to drop his revolver and cry out in pain. But the third masked man hit Jack with two quick shots and the young lawman tumbled to the ground.

The two wounded outlaws cried out as the third scrambled away into the falling darkness. "Hey, boss! We're shot up! Don't leave us!" The boss' answer was two quick squeezes on the trigger that provided two new candidates for Boot Hill. Once more the Ghost Rider

was making sure there'd be no witnesses alive who could identify him.

"He won't ever get to be sheriff now, Luke," said Jeb.

"Reckon not, Jeb," responded Luke. "A sheriff can't go chasing owthoots in a wheel chair. Too bad. Sure was a promising young fellow." They both looked mournfully at Jack McCrea.

Jack was crippled! Two slugs had been dug out of his right leg. Now they said he'd never again be able to walk without a cane and certainly he'd never be able to ride a horse. Jack took it with his usual courage and a grin. He sat on the porch of the Gentlemen's Hotel and kept his hands busy, not with whittling as Jeb and Luke did, but with sketches. He got so he could make a pretty good likeness of anyone who would pose. And when no one was posing he sketched the stage coach across the street, the horses at the hitch rail, the false-fronted frame buildings or the distant hills.

Most people were pleased and flattered to have their portraits made. But Four Flush Farro, who ran the gambling casino, was different. He was furious when he noticed Jack making a sketch of himself. He snatched the paper from Jack's hand and tore it to bits!

"Not a good likeness?" asked Jack, raising his eyebrows.

"Huh? Oh, I reckon it was good enough. I'm just superstitious about having my picture made. All gamblers are superstitious. Here, buy yourself some more paper."

Farro flipped a silver dollar into Jack's lap and hurried away. Jack looked at the coin and grinned. "This is all right! Maybe I can make a good living by not drawing pictures!"

Weeks went by. Jack passed the time of day idly chatting with Jed and Luke, or sketching over the things he had drawn before. The Ghost Raider struck again, this time robbing a rich rancher, north of town. As the posse rode out, Jack sidged. To sit around idle, useless, was not his nature. Later the sheriff and the men came back empty-handed, as usual. The chief lawman stopped by to give Jack McCrea an account of the futile expedition.

As he finished he wiped his wrinkled brow and said, "Gosh all fish-hooks, Jack, I wish you could've ridden with us. You might've noticed some clue that we missed."

A few days afterward, Jed and Luke were astonished to learn that Jack had taken a job. He was the new shotgun guard on the stage line between Pine Bush and Longhorn City.

On Jack's first run, the Ghost Raider held up the stage out on Prairie Plains. He gunned the driver without warning and as Jack leveled his shotgun, a bullet ripped off his hat and red began coiling from his skull. Jack fell across the seat. The horses, spooked by the gunplay, took off at a gallop!

The stage horses charged into Longhorn City and halted at the livery stable of their own accord. They were there for a full minute before anyone noticed Jack lying crumpled on the seat. He was unconscious. Beside him was a piece of paper with what appeared to be the beginning of a sketch on it. But it was only an ear, nothing more!

Jack was taken to the hospital in Longhorn City. Doctors later told his old friend, the sheriff, they thought he'd pull through, but he might be unconscious for days. "He may have seen who shot him, but he won't be telling for a long while."

"He's told already," grunted the sheriff, looking at the sketch of an ear.

The Sheriff arrested Four Flush Farro. "You're the Ghost Raider," declared the lawman, as he slipped on the handcuffs. "You've been identified by Jack McCrea."

"But he couldn't recognize me!" cried the gambler. "I wore a mask . . . that is . . ."

JED AND LUKE were so interested they stopped their whittling while the sheriff unfolded the story. ". . . yep, the human ear is one thing that can't be disguised and it's a sure mark of identification. Jack got a good look at the hombre's ear in spite of the mask, and he sketched it just before he passed out. By the way, there's a thousand dollar reward for the Ghost Raider and Jack's going to get it so he can have an operation and have his leg fixed up good as new. Likely he'll be the next sheriff hereabouts!"

THE END



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MONTE HALE

THE CHEBAYO LAND RUSH

At the crack of a gun, a thousand valiant pioneer families plunged into the vast Chebayo wilderness. Somewhere in their midst, Monte Hale knew that four desperate badmen raced from the Law. Finding them would be like discovering a needle in a haystack, but Monte had no choice. A man's life would be forfeit—unless those who had framed him on a murder charge were trapped in the Chebayo Land Rush.

FASTER!
WE'RE HEADING
FOR LAND AND
A NEW HOME!



ON THE DAY OF THE CHEBAYO LAND RUSH—WHEN A MILLION ACRES OF RICH LAND WAS OPENED FOR SETTLEMENT—

FOUR DAYS
WE'VE BEEN
HERE! WHEN
ARE THEY GOING
TO GIVE THE
SIGNAL TO
START?

I DON'T KNOW!
BETTER ASK
THE GENT IN
CHARGE OF
THIS SECTION.
MONTE
HALE!



HEY,
MONTE!
WHEN
DO WE
START?

mighty soon,
friend! you'll
hear shots
along the
line, and
that'll be
your signal.

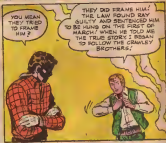
SURELY--

HISER.
ARE YOU
MONTE
HALE?

I
SURE AM,
STRANGER!
WHAT CAN
I DO FOR
YOU?









AS MONTE AND HANSE
BEHIND SEARCH, THE
DAYS RACE BY!



MONTE, I'M FLUMP DISCOUR-
AGED! WE'VE JUST GOT A
COUPLE OF DAYS TO GO AND
WE STILL HAVEN'T FOUND A
SHIRL CLUE TELLING US
WHERE THE
CRAWLEY
BROTHERS
MIGHT BE!

WE'VE JUST
GOT TO KEEP
ON GOING!
WE CAN'T AFFORD
TO LET UP A
MOMENT!



THEN, AT LAST---

WHY YES! I RECOLLECT
SEEING A BIG YELLOW
CONESTOGA WAGON
LIKE THE ONE YOU
SPEAK OF! IT MUST
BE UP THE CREEK
ABOUT FOUR OR
FIVE MILES!

THANK
YOU, HANSE!
MONTE,
LET'S
RIDE!



THAT'S THE
WAGON! I'D KNOW
IT ANYWHERE!
THE CRAWLEY
BOYS MUST BE
INSIDE!

LET'S MOVE UP
QUIETLY---AND
THEN JUMP IN ON
THEM! BE READY
FOR ANYTHING!



NOW!
GO GET
'EM!

STAND
CLEAR!



BUT INSIDE
THE WAGON---

DON'T SHOOT!
WHAT'S IT ALL
ABOUT, MISTER?

IT'S
JUST ONE
OLD MAN!
WHERE ARE
THE OTHERS?
TALK!
FAST!



IF YOU MEAN THE
OTHERS WHO WERE IN
THIS WAGON, I DON'T
KNOW! MY WAGON
BROKE DOWN SO THEY
SOLD THIS ONE TO ME!
BUT I DON'T KNOW
WHERE THEY ARE
NOW!



ANOTHER
DEAD END!

LET'S KEEP
SEARCHING,
HANSE! THAT'S
ALL WE CAN
DO!



BUT THE DAYS PASS BY, BRINGING CLOSER AND CLOSER AN UNDESERVED DOOM TO THE MAN WHO WANTS IN A MISSOURI PRISON!



MONTE, WE STILL HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO LOCATE THEM! WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING!

I'VE GOT AN IDEA, MANSE! EVIDENTLY THE CRAWLIES SEEM TO BE SHORT OF CASH AND WOULD WELCOME THE CHANCE TO GET SOME!



LET'S OFFER A LITTLE BENT AND SEE IF WE CAN DRAW THEM OUT! BOWLS BATHER AROUND HIS CAMP—FIRES AT NIGHT, AND GOSPEP SPREADS QUICKLY FROM ONE CAMPFIRE TO ANOTHER! LET'S START SOME RUMORS ROLLING!



SOL THAT NIGHT...

WHEN WE SET OUT ON THIS CHERAYO LAND RUN, I KNEW IT WAS A WIGHTY SMART MOVE!

THAT'S TELLING BR, THERE! WE'RE GOING TO BE MILLIONAIRES, BOYS! WHY THE PRICE OF SILVER IS GOING UP EVERY DAY!



ARE YOU TRYING TO SAY THAT YOU DISCOVERED SILVER?

WE'RE NOT TALKING! WE'RE NOT LOOKING FOR ANY HIJACKERS TO COME RUNNING AFTER US! BUT WE'VE ALREADY GOT THE LAND STAKED OUT AND THE PRICE OF SILVER IS GOING WAY UP!



LATER THAT NIGHT, AS THE TWO OLD MEN HOBBLE AWAY...

THINK THEY TELL FOR IT, MANSE?

THIS COTTON WOOL ON OUR CHINS SURE HAD THEM FOOLED! I RECKON THEY BELIEVE WE'VE FOUND A SILVER VEN! BUT WILL THE CRAWLEY BROTHERS HEAR ABOUT IT?



I THINK THEY HAVE ALREADY! WE'RE BEING FOLLOWED, MANSE!



I CAN'T MAKE THEM
OUT TOO CLEARLY,
IN THE MOONLIGHT!
BUT ONE LOOKS LIKE
CLINT CRAWLEY AND
I'D BE WILLING TO
BET ANOTHER
LOOKS LIKE
DAN!

ARE
THEY
THE
ONES?



THEN LET'S GO
AHEAD WITH OUR
PLAN! WE'LL TAKE
THEM TO THE SPOT
WHERE WE'VE GOT
THE TRAP SET
UP!



THINK WE
OUGHT TO
STOP THEM
NOW, CLINT?

NO! LET THE
OLD COOTS LEAD
THE WAY TO WHERE
THEY DISCOVERED
THE SILVER VEN!
THAT MUST BE
WHERE THEY'RE
HEADING! THEN
WE'LL CRACK
DOWN ON
THEM!



BUT AS THE CRAWLEY
BROTHERS FOLLOW
ALONG THE WINDING
TRAIL...

THEY'RE IN
THE RIGHT SPOT,
MONTE, SPRING
THE TRAP!



SUDDENLY...

WHAT TH--
A LARIAT'S
TIGHTENING
AROUND
US!

AND THAT
TREE! IT'S
SPRINGING
UP!



--AND
WE'RE
GOING
UP WITH
IT!



IT WAS
A TRAP!
LOOK!
HERE COMES
THE OLD-
TIMERS!



OLD-TIMERS, NOTHING!
THOSE GENTS ARE
MANCE BENTON AND
MONTE HALE IN
DISGUISE!

WE AIM TO GET A
CONFESSION FROM
YOU COYOTES, TELL
ING HOW YOU FRAMED
MY BROTHER RAY
ON A MURDER
CHARGE!





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GABBY HAYES

AND THE
RODEO
RASCAL

WHAT'S THE MATTER,
CORNER? DID YUH GET
BAMMED ALL OF A
SUDDEN?

'BOO! BAH! FAKK!

WH-HUH!
THIS WILL RUIN
GABBY HAYES!

THESE WERE THE FILL-UP MEN
- SOME STEAL GOLD, SOME STEAL SILVER -
AND SOME STEAL REPUTATIONS. SUCH
A ONE AS RUFFERY BLESS, WHOSE GOAL
IS TO RUIN GABBY HAYES' REPUTATION
AS THE GREATEST COWBOY OF ALL!

GABBY HAYES, FEARLESS FORERAN OF
THE BAR NOTHING RANCH, GETS FORTH
ON AN IMPORTANT PERSON RIDING
CORNER, THE WONDER HORSE - - - AND
BOMBERS WHAT TROUBLE HIS MASTER
WILL GET INTO NEXT!

CORNER, YOU
AND ME ARE
A-HEADING FOR
THE MOST
IMPORTANT JOB
OF OUR WHOLE
LIFE!

I'D RATHER DO THIS HERE
JOB FOR NOTHING THAN MAKE
A THOUSAND BUCK HAIL.

BUCK? MY
MASTER
SAID "BUCK!"

BONK!

SO I'LL
BUCK!

GOO!







GABBY RODE NORTH AND THE CROWD LOOKS ON IN STUNNED SILENCE.





TWO FORLORN KIDS WATCH

WE THOUGHT MR. HAWES WAS A HERO.

AND HE'S ONLY A COWBOY CLOWN.



SLIPPERY SUEBY, MOUNTED ON CORNER, WITCHES WITH SATISFACTION.

HEH-HEH I'VE MADE GABBY A LAUGHING STOCK. NOW I'LL SHOW THOSE SPOTTED SOME REAL RIDING.



GABBY'S ALL WASHED UP AS A HERO, ON THAT I'D BET MY LAST BUCK!

HE SAID "BUCK!"





OLD SLICK CARROT MUNCHER!



NYOKA the JUNGLE GIRL

HER EVERY ACT A LIFE
AND DEATH ADVENTURE...

NIMBLE AS AN ANTELOPE!
CANNY AS A BLACK PANTHER!

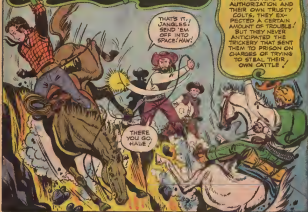


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MONTE HALE

the RUSTLER'S ROUNDUP

When the RUTHLESS BLIZZARDS OF A GAUGE WINTER SENT MONTANA CATTLE SCATTERING TO THE SOUTH, MONTE HALE AND DALE MOTLEY SET OUT TO BRING HOME THE BEEF! ARMED WITH LETTERS OF AUTHORIZATION AND THEIR OWN TRUSTY COLTS, THEY EXPECTED A CERTAIN AMOUNT OF TROUBLE! BUT THEY NEVER ANTICIPATED THE TRICKERY THAT SENT THEM TO PRISON ON CHARGES OF TRYING TO STEAL THEIR OWN CATTLE!



THAT'S IT, JANGLES! SEND 'EM OFF INTO SPACE! HAW!

THERE YOU GO, HAW!

SPRING HAS COME TO THE MONTANA RANGE COUNTRY AND--

I RECKON WE'RE ALL IN THE SAME FIX! WE'VE LOST HALF OUR HERD HERE, AND NOW WE'VE GOT TO GET THEM BACK!

BUT HOW'LL WE DO IT? WE CAN'T SPARE THE MEN TO MAKE THE TRIP SOUTH!

NOW ABOUT YOU, DALE? YOU SOLD YOUR HOLDINGS LAST FALL, SO YOU'VE GOT TIME! WILL YOU GO AFTER THE STRAYED HERD?

I'D LIKE TO, BEN, BUT I'M NOT SO SURE I CAN DO THE JOB! THAT IS, UNLESS MONTE IS WILLING TO HELP ME!

LOOKS LIKE A MIGHTY NEAR JOB, AS DALE SAYS! BUT HARD WORK NEVER HURT A MAN! I'D BE GLAD TO HELP OUT! LET'S START TODAY!



MONTE AND DALE HARTLEY QUICKLY
PREPARE FOR THE TRIP! THEN---

MONTE, YOU'D BETTER TAKE THIS
ENVELOPE! IT HOLDS LETTERS OF
AUTHORIZATION FROM ALL THE
RANCHERS HEREABOUTS--PERMITTING
YOU TO CLAIM THE CATTLE BELONGING
TO THEM! YOU'LL HAVE
TO SHOW IT TO
CATTLE DRIVE
OFFICIALS,
DOWN
YONDER!

THANKS,
BEN! WE'LL
DO OUR
BEST!



OH, AND ONE
THING MORE!
KEEP YOUR EYES
PEELED FOR A
NEW RUSTLER,
JANGLES /
JANSEN!



CARRYING THE LETTERS OF
AUTHORIZATION, THE TWO
COWBOYS SWIFTLY
RIDE SOUTH.

LOOK, MONTE!
THERE ARE SOME
LAZY-J STEERS!
AND SOME
CIRCLE-M
DOGS!

WE'D
BETTER GET
ALL THE
WAY SOUTH
BEFORE WE
START TO
ROUND THEM UP!
OTHERWISE WE'LL
NEVER GET
THEM OFF!



WHA? TRAVELERS
AHEAD ON THE ROAD,
AND THEY'RE HAVING
A BUCKLE UP WITH AN
EUREKA LAD! WONDER
WHAT THE TROUBLE
IS?

I RECOGNIZE THE
YOUNGESTER! HIS
LONG EAGLE, A
MEMBER OF A
SIOUX CLAN THAT
ONCE BETRAYED ME! I
RECKON I
OWE HIM A HAND!



SASSY DALLIN!
EH? MAYBE I'D
BETTER TEACH
YOU ANOTHER
LESSON!

YOU'VE GOT
THE WRONG
SLANT, MISTER!
WHY NOT TRY
A GENT YOUR
OWN SIZE?



THAT'S ALL RIGHT,
LONG EAGLE! YOU
JUST RIDE OFF,
AND LET ME
HANDLE THIS
WAGGON!



FOR A MOMENT, THE
AIR IS POWER-KICK
TENSE! THEN---

YOU DIDN'T
HAVE TO GET
SO ALL-FIRED
ROUGH, STRANGER!
WE WERE JUST
PLAYING
THE BOY!

IT LOOKED
WORSE THAN
THAT TO ME!
HIS TROUSE
A TOWEL
ONE IN THIS
SECTION! I
WOULDN'T
ANTAGONIZE
THEM IF I
WERE YOU!





DESPERATELY, THE TWO MEN AND THEIR
BALLANT MOUNTS STRUGGLE TO REACH
A WAITING SANGHAR / THE CURRENT
CLUTCHES VICIOUSLY
AT THEM, BUT ---

MADE IT! THAT
WATERFALL WOULD
HAVE SMASHED US
TO BITS / WHAT
NOW, MONTE?

LET'S READ
DOWN TOWARD THE
CATTLE DRIVE OFFICERS!
WE'VE GOT TO REACH
THEM BEFORE JANGLES
JANSEN AND HIS GANG
DO. THAT'S THE HORROR
WE MIXED UP WITH, DALE!
HIS SIDEKICK GAVE IT
AWAY WHEN HE CALLED
HIM JANGLES!

THE NEXT
MORNING --

AT LAST! HERE'S
THE DRIVE HEAD-
QUARTERS, DALE!

LET'S TELL
THEM WHAT
HAPPENED
MORNING,
MONTE!

CATTLE
DRIVE
OFFICERS

BUT AS MONTE AND
DALE APPROACH ---

HOLDY, GENTS! WE'RE
REPRESENTING SEVERAL
MONTANA RANCHES IN
THE BIG SPRING
SORTING!

PUT 'EM UP,
MISTER! WE WERE
HALFWAY EXPECTING
YOU, BUT NOT SO
SOON!

THE REAL MONTANA COW-
BOYS GOT HERE A MITE
AHEAD OF YOU -- AND WARNED US
THAT YOU MIGHT
BE COMING ALONG -- TRYING TO
IMPERSONATE
THEM!

THAT'S A
LIE! THOSE
GUNNELS ARE
JANGLES
JANSEN AND
HIS GANG!

THEY'VE ALREADY
SHOWN US THEIR
PAPERS, AUTHORIZING
THEM TO PICK UP
CATTLE FOR MONTANA
RANCHES! CAN YOU
SHOW US
YOURS?

THEY
STOLE OUR
LETTERS!

QUICK THINKING, BUT NOT
QUICK ENOUGH, MISTER, I'M
TRUSTING YOU TO LOCK THESE
WARRANTS UP IN THE COUNTY
JAIL! THE SHERIFF ISN'T
HERE RIGHT NOW, SO
YOU TAKE CARE
OF IT!

BE
GLAD
TO!

SOON, IN THE HEAVY-
BAERED, GRANTE --
WALLED PRISON --

YOU WON'T
GET AWAY
WITH THIS
FOR LONG,
JANGLES!

NO? WE DON'T
THE SHERIFF
AWAY ON A
WILD-GOOSE

CHASE! HE WON'T BE
BACK FOR A WEEK --
BY WHICH TIME WE'LL
HAVE CLEARED OUT
WITH YOUR HERDS!
JUST COUNT YOUR
SELF LUCKY THAT
WE DON'T FINISH
YOU OFF RIGHT
NOW!

MINUTES
LATER --

THERE
THEY GO,
MONTE!
HE'S A
MIGHTY
SHREWD
RANNEY!

WE'VE GOT
TO GET OUT
OF HERE
BEFORE HE
DISAPPEARS
WITH THESE
MONTANA
COWBOYS!



I'VE GOT AN IDEA! YOUR VEST IS STILL WET FROM THAT SWIM LAST NIGHT, BUT IT SHOULD BURN.

WOW, BUT IT'LL SMOKE TO BRAT THE BLADES.



THE MORE SMOKE THE BETTER! I'LL JUST SHUT IT OFF NOW AND THEN WITH THIS TEN-GALLON HAT OF MINE!

MONTY, YOU'RE SENDING SMOKE SIGNALS! BUT WHO'LL SEE THEM?



I'M HOPING THAT INDIAN KID LONE EAGLE FOLLOWED US! HE'S A CURIOUS YOUNGSTER, AND THERE'S A CHANCE HE DID!



MONTY'S HUNCH PAYS OFF!

MONTY! I SAW YOUR SIGNAL!

GOOD LAD! GET US OUT OF HERE, LONE EAGLE--IF YOU CAN!



MONTY, YOU HELP ME--I HELP YOU!

SNAP!
CRAACK!

THAT DOES IT! WE'LL CLIMB OUT! THANKS, LONE EAGLE!



AND OUTSIDE--

MONTY, I FOUND THESE GUNS IN THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE!

TOO BAD HE ISN'T HERE TO HELP US, BUT SINCE HE ISN'T WE'LL HAVE TO DO THE JOB OURSELVES! FIRST THOUGH, I'VE GOT ANOTHER JOB FOR LONE EAGLE!



I WANT YOU TO RIDE FOR HELP AT TOP SPEED! HEAD UP TOWARD THE MONTANA LINE AND TELL BEN LAYFORD OF THE CIRCLE-HAM RANCH WHAT'S HAPPENED! TELL HIM TO HEAD THIS WAY WITH ALL HIS TOP HANDS PRONTO!

I GO NOW, MONTY!



MONTY AND GALE HATLEY STRADDLE THEIR HORSES, ROUND POKED IN THE NEARBY PASTURE, AND--

EASE-UP!

THOSE OWLHOOTS HAVE A GOOD START ON US, MONTY! BUT IT'LL TAKE THEM A TIME TO ROUND UP ENOUGH BEES TO MAKE THEIR PLAY WORTH WHILE! SO WE MAY CATCH UP WITH THEM!



LOOK! LADY-J STEERS!
AND GIBBY-M AND FLYING-Y!
THESE ARE THE MONTANA
CATTLE ALL RIGHT! LET'S
CUT WAY AHEAD OF THEM,
AND STOP THEM AT THE
HIGH DIVIDE PASS!



WANNY HOURS
LATER, AT THE
PASS--

HERE THEY
COME! LET 'EM
HAVE IT,
MONTA!

HOLD UP,
JANGLES! THIS
IS THE END OF
THE TRAIL FOR
YOU!



IT'S
MONTA
HALE!

WELL, IF STONE
WALLS WON'T HOLD
HIM, LET'S SEE IF
A THOUSAND HOOPS
CAN TRAMPLE HIM!
STAMPEDE THE
HERD! SEND THEM
THROUGH!



BRANNEY!
GET GOING,
CRITTERS!

THEY'RE
STAMPEDING,
MONTA!
THEY'RE
COMING
AT US!

RIGHT!
SO LET'S
GET OUT
OF HAINES
WAY--



--AND PULL BACK IN THIS
CREVICE IN THE SIDE OF
THE PASS! LET THE STEERS
GO BY, BUT WHEN THE
KUSTLERS TRY TO--
BLAST
THEM!

THAT NIGHT, WHEN THE TRAVEL-
WEARY MONTANA RANGERS
ARRIVE--



THE WILD-EYED CATTLE STORM
PAST! THEN, LAUGHING AT THEIR
TRIUMPH, ON COME THE KUSTLERS
LED BY JANGLES JANSCH!

PERFECT!
THEY'RE
GROUND TO
PULP--

SHIVERING
SKELETONS!
IT'S HALE
AGAIN!

OWN!
MY
ARM!



GENTS, YOU'VE
HAD YOUR CHANCE
THREE TIMES--SO
THIS TIME, WE'RE
PLAYING THE
HAND!

ANREE!
MY
LEG!



WE CAME
AS SOON AS
THE INDIAN
KID BROUGHT
WORD OF WHAT
HAPPENED!
BUT I SEE
YOU DON'T
NEED
HELP!

NOT WITH
JANGLES JAN-
SEN AND HIS
GANG, BEN!
BUT YOU'LL
HAVE TO
BACK US UP
BEFORE THEY'LL
LET US TAKE A
SINGLE HEAD!
BACK TO MONTANA!
IN THE BOOKS OF THE
DIME OFFICIALS
WE'RE KNOWN AS
A BUNCH OF RE-
SHORTING OUTLAW!
YOU'LL HAVE TO
CHANGE THEIR
OPINIONS!